

Control

by Metamorcy

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Summary: Tsuna hated his powers of control over people, absolutely despised it, but he would never wish to give it to anyone else, someone who would definitely take advantage of it. The world should be damn happy that he's such a nice individual and not want to watch it burn to the ground. No pairings.

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**\*\*Summary:\*\*** Tsuna hated his powers of control over people, absolutely despised it, but he would never wish to give it to anyone else, someone who would definitely take advantage of it. The world should be damn happy that he's such a nice individual and not want to watch it burn to the ground.

**\*\*A/N:\*\*** Was watching Jessica Jones and got this plot idea. Has nothing to do with the show at all so you don't have to watch it to know what's going on. Will be about 3-4 chapters long.

Beta'd by Pure Red Crane

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><p><strong>Chapter 1<strong>

Tsuna first noticed the strangeness surrounding him when he was young, about five years in age. His mother would always do whatever he wanted whenever he said something, meaning to or not. He didn't understand it at first nor did he really like it (because he knew deep down, it wasn't right, none of it was). It unnerved him and gave him the shivers, feeling like he had done something completely and utterly abnormal.

"Mama, can I have that toy?"

Nana, his darling mother who was oblivious to the entire world, shook his head. "No, Tsuna, wait until next week. You have plenty of toys to play with right now."

Tsuna pouted, looking like he was going to throw a fit, and gave a single sniff. "\_But I want it\_."

It was then that the strangest thing happened: Nana just smiled, spinning right back towards him from where she had been gazing down the cereal section. "Okay, Tsuna." Without batting an eyelash, she did another spin and reached over to grab said toy, placing it directly into the shopping cart. It was like she had moved automatically, without thought, and went right back to shopping.

Tsuna had stared in wonder, unsure as to why his mother had suddenly changed her mind just like that. He couldn't help but shiver at the strangeness of it all and it only continued from there. Of course, it took him a while to figure out that it wasn't the people, but he himself that was causing all the weirdness.

He tested it out a couple more times on his mother and each and every time he got exactly what he wanted. Further testing it as he was getting suspicious about what exactly he could apparently do, he then went to his neighbors. He only did minor requests, from entering their home to getting them to make him a snack. It was simple stuff. He didn't have the heart to make them do something horrible. As he got older, he found he could understand people clearly like the veil around them was wide open. It was like he was reading the wording in their minds, their expressions, their movements, everything. It came to him so easily and effortlessly like he was breathing air. It just happened one day and though he wasn't hearing any words, he could just...tell. He knew everything about the person on the first initial meeting before even speaking to said individual. Like anything, it had its advantages and, of course, disadvantages.

He decided that it had to be some sort of intuition and as he explored that ability further, much like his control one, he found that he knew when something bad was going to happen to him. It was like a tingle of sensations, a whispering of words in the back of his mind, telling him things, motioning him towards some direction. He only needed one incident to figure out that his intuition was always correct and that it should be trusted completely, never ignored. That very incident had him scarred for life, both for understanding his intuition and just how far his powers could actually go (the disadvantages).

He hadn't meant it.

He hadn't meant any of it, of what he said, but he had been so angry, so filled with hate, that he had blurted out the death sentence without actually thinking. It was the first and last time he would ever let himself get so blinded by rage.

He had been mentally cautioned by his intuition on walking down his regular pathway home, warning bells ringing in the back of his mind. Without really thinking, he had pushed it bluntly aside and forgotten about the whole matter. He was tired and simply wanted to get home to sleep the rest of the day away. School had been rough earlier, his

tests returning with red single digits, and his classmates teasing him endlessly for it in return. He should have known it wouldn't have ended that easily. Still, he didn't listen to the warnings.

Tsuna had only been ten years old.

Right in his path were three bullies, all ready to take him on and make his life for that day a living hell. Tsuna paled at the sight, knowing he had been caught the moment their eyes met. He couldn't escape, not this close to them, and so he sighed reluctantly to his impending fate. It wasn't like it really mattered at this point.

He was beaten, spat on, cursed at. The words of a child could still sting as much as an adult's and Tsuna felt his spirits lowering in defeat. Eventually, something bubbled in the pit of his stomach: anger. It wasn't a sensation he was familiar with, keeping a carefree life excluding his school days and living in a happy world with his sweet yet oblivious mother. Grinding his teeth, he knew he didn't want any of this. He didn't want to be some play thing for someone else. He wanted to be free and so, he lashed out.

"\_Why don't you all go home and just kill yourselves? Why can't you just leave me alone?!\_"

He screamed out of rage, tearing up from both the physical and mental pain he was experiencing. He cried and cried, never noticing the way the boys surrounding him had stopped, going completely and creepily still like dolls. Slowly, they marched away, heading towards opposite directions, and leaving Tsuna all alone in the now empty street.

The brunet didn't start moving until an hour later and didn't realize what exactly he had done until the next day when it all came back to him.

It was that very next day that he had learned of his three bullies' horrific death and realized just how powerful he is. The three boys' had hung themselves in their bedrooms from the ceiling fan and the talk of how it had happened on the same day around the very same time spread like wildfire among Namimori gossip.

Tsuna fell silent, knowing that he had been the cause of everything. Despite that, he didn't speak up about the incident, keeping it enclosed within himself. How could he? No one would believe him and then there was his power... He couldn't reveal it or what he had done. He was scared. He had seen the horror shows of experimentations, the animated TV shows, movies of superheroes, everything that had nothing but terror towards people of his kind. He wasn't even sure if it was real or not, but then that wouldn't explain much on his part.

So, in the end, he decided to watch everything he did while keeping his abilities and what he had done an absolute secret. He kept completely to himself, refusing to let anyone know about him. Not many questioned his sudden silence, considering he didn't really have any friends in the first place, and that suited him just fine. If people weren't close to him, then they would never find out the truth. His mother, Nana, never questioned his behavior, smiling along as if nothing was ever wrong. It was something he didn't like, but had no choice but to take advantage of.

Still, his curiosity over his powers grew. He needed to control them entirely so that another incident like before would never happen again and that meant using them to know where his limits were (if there were any). He experimented further on people, testing his limits, and in the end, found that nothing really mattered. He had complete and utter control of a person and it didn't matter where they went. They obeyed everything he told them, regardless if it was in person or through a phone or even just mentally thinking it towards them. Apparently, Tsuna had learned that he could telepathically control people as long as he could picture their faces, which wasn't hard considering his strange yet powerful intuition.

Now, he couldn't actually read their minds or move objects, both of which Tsuna was grateful for. He didn't want any more powers to deal with.

Furthermore, when controlling his victim, the individual would remember it in a way like it was their decision or forget the whole thing like it was some type of dream. He could even command someone to forget everything, never remembering details like their names or birthdays if he wished for it. Tsuna didn't like that and would immediately reverse the damage.

It was strange how much power he held and yet he refused to abuse it. He didn't want to become a villain like those shows/movies. He wanted to be a hero, but with what he could do, that wasn't possible. How could someone that controlled people's minds be a good person? There could only be evil. People would never give him a chance before reacting negatively first.

It was a harsh realization that Tsuna knew he not only had to hide his identity, but he needed to disappear entirely so that no one would ever be able to find him. No one could know about him, no one at all. Sawada Tsunayoshi could no longer exist.

He had only been eleven, a year after the incident, when he found that out and slowly he began to plan. He couldn't stay in a place like Namimori anymore, a place where gossip traveled fast and everyone knew everyone. Hiding in such a place was impossible. People would begin to notice if he began to wander about after erasing their memories about him.

So it took careful planning, various ideas, maneuvering with his powers, before it was finally achieved.

When he was sixteen, Sawada Tsunayoshi no longer existed in Namimori or any public government system. He had become a ghost.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Ding. Dong.<em>

Charlie Harrison, a filthy rich man that made his riches on oil, raised an eyebrow questionably. He hadn't been expecting any guests tonight and by the look of his family, neither had they. Not only that, he had the finest security gate system and he hadn't been alerted of someone being at the entrance.

Slowly getting up from his spot at the dinner table, Charlie went

towards the front door of the house and peeked outside through the eyehole to see if there was anyone on the other side. There standing at his doorstep was a young looking brunet, probably in his late teens. He was obviously Asian by the features, a foreigner here in Italy, and yet he looked so helpless by the way he stood. Curious, the man opened the door. "Yes? Can I help you?"

The teenager smiled, "\_I would like to come in please\_."

Charlie blinked once before breaking out into a smile. "Of course, come in. Come in!" He opened the door wider, welcoming the brunet. Tsuna, obviously stepped in, pleased. It hadn't taken much for him vanish completely from Japan, his records all gone. The only thing left was to find his father, who he suspected was somewhere in the dark world, which would explain his disappearance from the brunet's life.

He had managed to get to Italy by coercing a rich businessman to buy him a plane ticket and it had been so simple too. His mother and all of Namimori, Japan, no longer remembered him. He had made sure to clearly put an order into his dear mother's mind to be happy, join her friends, to travel, to do everything to live and no longer be weighed down by him or his useless father. The freedom he had now after escaping was unlimited and for the first time in a long while, he felt pleased.

Charlie and Tsuna sauntered towards the dining room where the household wife and two of their children were at. The wife immediately stood up, staring at the teen questionably before turning to her husband. "Honey, who's that?"

"\_I'm going to be your dear guest\_." Tsuna spoke and watched as the wife just nodded her head in return. She went around the table and pulled out a chair for him to sit. The brunet followed. "Hope you don't mind but I'll be staying here for a few months. If anyone asks about me, just tell them that I'm the son of an old acquaintance that needs a place to stay while in Italy. My father doesn't want me to live alone."

Charlie just grinned, settling into his seat at the dinner table. "That won't be a problem. Of course, you can stay here. We'd absolutely love it, won't we, Honey?"

The wife nodded her head cheerfully as she clapped her hands together. "Absolutely! We have plenty of spare bedrooms for you to choose from. Stay as long as you'd like."

Tsuna chuckled, "Yes, thank you."

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><p>A year and a half had passed, Tsuna now seventeen, independent, and living on his own (if one considered residing in other people's homes as such). He didn't have much of a choice in this lifestyle, but he didn't hate it either.<p>

If anything, he hated his powers, he hated his ability over people, and yet refused to wish it away. He knew there were evil people out there that would take advantage of it and make innocents do absolutely horrible things, things that he has seen from movies to

real life. All Tsuna needed was some shelter and food to keep himself going. Sometimes, he would ask for money, but never more than what he needed. Obviously, he mainly targeted the rich and even individuals that were considered vile by society. Money that disappeared on their accounts barely dented their balances.

Of course, Tsuna didn't mind using his powers to straighten them out. If someone was doing drugs, he would command them to stop or place an imprint of a memory, one that would always make them feel sick to their stomach, whenever they abused. If they were stealing (depending on the matter and why) or harming people, he would command them to turn themselves in and surrender all information regarding their crimes.

Other times, Tsuna met those that didn't deserve to live any longer.

Rapists, murderers, terrorists, etc, etc. He simply told them to confess all their crimes before taking their own lives. Tsuna had learned very quickly that those with impulses, especially the darker evils, were still there underneath the command. Though he told them to stop, they would for a while before it would just...\_restart\_. Tsuna knew what he did was terrible, taking a person's life, putting their very fate into his bare hands, but he also knew how the world worked. People could get away with anything, money being the answer to everything. They would be sentenced to jail for a few years, get out early, or just simply walk away despite everything pointing towards the guilty individual. He couldn't allow that, he didn't want to see people get hurt, and so he intervened and then had them commit suicide. It was the easiest way to take care of everything and leave his hands clean of the mess.

As the year went on, he saved many people's lives, but ended just as many. He liked to think he rescued more, helped more. It was what kept him mentally sane and move forward.

Tsuna really despised his powers, completely detested it with every inch of his being, but he still wouldn't give it to anyone else. It was his burden to bear and his burden to maintain.

The fucking world should be pretty damn happy that he's such a nice individual and didn't want to watch it burn to the ground for all that it's done to him. Oh well.

End  
file.